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# THE FORESTER

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Volume 15 Issue 5 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

February 2009

## Dawn in the Administration Office

**Dawn Bezzina** has been **Steve Fishler's** Executive Assistant for eight months. Now, in addition to all of her routine duties, she is deep into the Strategic Planning Committee meetings. I asked for a copy of her job description, which was a foolish request. It's three pages long, and I find that she does everything you can imagine. "Must have excellent oral and written communication skills in English," it says. What it doesn't tell me is that she speaks French and has a beautiful round, true soprano voice. She is likely to burst into a fragment of song during the workday. One day at a meeting, I wanted more than the fragment she gave me. But being a professional, she quietly went back to the business at hand.

Her mother says Dawn was born singing, as evidently was her mother. When it was Dawn's turn to wash the dishes, her father, weary of his singing household, was likely to say "Go wash the dishes. And no singing." But Dawn went on in her head, mouthing the words. "I have a constant sound track running in my head. I can't turn it off."

In fifth grade, in Oswego, Illinois, she began playing the clarinet and also considered the oboe, an instrument she still thinks about. When it was time for college she had some trouble deciding between voice and clarinet. But the decision maker was a clarinet scholarship at the University of Arizona, where her major was instrumental education. The Arizona band was good and went to Japan for the Coca Cola Bowl between the University of Arizona and Stanford. The Japanese audience didn't really get the football, but they loved the music. They leaned over from the stands to touch the musicians, who tossed them band gloves as souvenirs: "We felt like rock stars."



Photo by Ed Albrecht

She was in Paris the year France won the World Cup and she heard the Three Tenors sing under the Eiffel Tower. She thought, "OK, I can die now." When she got back to LA she began an immersion course in French while she held down her full time job as office manager in the architectural firm of Johnson, Fain, and Pereira, where she worked for nine years; clients included Mondavi, Opus One Winery, NAPA Valley, NBC in Burbank, and Amgen. (The firm's Fox Tower in Century Center was the one exploded in the film *Diehard*.)

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**The Forester**

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**In Memoriam**

Sherrill, Elizabeth "Betsy" O'Brien	January 2, 2009
Medure, Frank	January 6, 2009
Scougale, Douglas	January 18, 2009

**President's Podium**

Midwinter Forest activities and meetings have kept me busy. The quarterly meeting of the Residents Association on January 19 was well attended and discussion was lively and productive. Steve Fishler gave a full report in which he discussed, among other topics, measures taken by management to reduce costs. All committee chairs of the RA Board also reported to the gathering.

Prior to the quarterly meeting the RA Board held a called meeting to act upon a resolution proposed by its Finance Committee. The resolution addressed the dilemma confronting residents during the current financial and economic crisis that is undermining the net worth of most residents and causing considerable unrest in the community. A full copy of this resolution may be found with the minutes for the quarterly meeting in the library. The resolution, which was passed by the RA Board without dissent, requests that management and the TFAD Board of Directors take two actions:

1. Communicate to the residents their recognition that the national financial crisis is causing a serious reduction in residents' financial resources.
2. Roll back a portion of the monthly service increase by reducing the monthly service fee by 2% (not retroactive) to take effect as soon as possible and in no event later than April 1, 2009.

Those attending the quarterly meeting strongly affirmed the action of the RA Board to dispatch the resolution to the administration and to TFAD Board of Directors.

Discussions about innovations to enhance our library and provision of adequate funding for the library are in progress.

A new Pictorial Directory prepared by the RA Board and a 2009 Resident Directory prepared by the administration will be distributed in February. We look forward to those updated directories.

Finally, I call to your attention to opportunities for playing both social and duplicate bridge. Bruce Burns at 493-2401 is the contact person.

**Bill Anderson**

## Library Science 101

*Romeo and Juliet* (Shakespeare), *Pride and Prejudice* (Jane Austen), *Casablanca*, *The Lucky One* (Sparks), *Evangeline* (Longfellow), *Tristan and Isolde* (Wagner), *Love Story* (Segal), *The Notebook* (Sparks), *The Gift of the Magi* (O. Henry), *Madam Butterfly* (Puccini), etc. etc.

How many more titles can you name to fit February, the month of love? We have many in the library, in both print and non-print form.

A switch is a new softback book called *Getting Rid of Matthew*, by Jane Fallon. The title tells it all, and you will be amused at the protagonist's attempts to ditch her lover.

But back to the month of LOVE. The library is celebrating it with an open house on Friday, February 13 (the only day available!) between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with a theme of LOVE FROM YOUR LIBRARY. We would LOVE to show you around, with Library Committee volunteers available in all three rooms to explain what is there and to answer your questions. There will be handouts containing brief library information.

We hope you will show your LOVE for us by placing in our large Valentine suggestion box wishes that you have for improving our library. Particular kinds of books? Current best sellers? More audio-visual? Easier locating of materials? Different periodicals? Other suggestions? If you let us know, we will try to answer your requests.

Our policy, you know, is "No eating or drinking in the library," but you will find something edible outside the library as you leave the open house. Whether you are a regular patron of the library or a newcomer to The Forest, we hope you will come to our party.

Meanwhile, our overdue notices are not what one would call LOVE letters, but we'd LOVE it if you would search your shelves for a misplaced library book. On the first day some notices were sent out, one of the books was returned!

Have you noticed that the boxes beside the

charging desk are gone, making reference books accessible again? Library Committee members have been working diligently with me to accomplish this. Thanks for their help!

Writing this on the coldest day so far, I realize that there will be more days of bad weather to come, days to curl up with a good book and beautiful background music, or an exciting DVD—a LOVE story?—to watch before this season ends. Let the library help you get through them!

LOVE from your librarian,

Carol Scott

## Weight Weight Don't Tell Me

Obsessed, you say,  
No way. No way.

Fat alert: this half-inch  
Has grown to a pinch,  
That extra quarter ounce  
On hips has pounced,  
Calories from the chocolate square  
Gone to the waist, forever there.

The sin of gluttony a common blight  
Endless restraint to put it right,  
Every diet is miraculous, new,  
Promised loss is never true,  
Finally reaching a small goal  
Momentary happiness floods the soul,  
Loss brings sunshine, gain the rain,  
Millions feel same joy, same pain.

Obsessed, you say,  
No weigh. No weigh.

Penelope Easton

## Dawn continued

(Continued from page 1)

She was in a national commercial about a 1-800 number for lawyers and was a dancer in a music video of "The Knaves." Her first husband was a writer-director and as a result she met lots of celebrities, including Norman Lear, producer of "All In The Family," Charleston Heston, Bob Hope (in a grocery store), and Jimmy Stewart just before he died.

Her LA commute was an hour and a half, and staff often arrived saying that they had driven the whole way in first gear. Now she laughs about what is called "traffic" as she drives the half hour "through beautiful countryside" from Youngsville, where her husband Stephan owns a restaurant. Dawn is an excellent mimic "Oh my land, you mean we've got a real Frenchman in Youngsville!?" she quoted a resident. They live on five and a half acres with two dogs, Gigi and Bear, who cock their ears as she goes singing through the house. Stephan loves to cook; there is always a baguette on the table.

Dawn and Stephan were married in the South of France in a small town between Cannes and St. Tropez. They had, for a time, an import business from the South of France, which included tablecloths and lavender, while the dollar was still strong and profit margins good. They placed things with Williams Sonoma, among other outlets.

At the conclusion of our interview, she reached into her drawer and brought out a cloth bag labeled *Fleur de Lis* inside of which was a little pillow of lavender to put in the dryer, complete with a bottle of *Extrait de parfum* to replenish the scent. "Put it right in the dryer," she said. But I can't bring myself to dry out my pillow. I keep it in on my bureau where it gives me intense pleasure.

Joanne Ferguson

## Hello, New Residents

Did anyone tell you that:

- You have two mailboxes.
- The "Foyer," The Community Center," and "The Lobby" are the same place
- "The Other Side" is the back side of the paper on which the menu is printed—not the dining area on the other side of the Foyer.
- There are two Boards—one for community and administrative folks, known as the "Big Board"—and one for the Residents' Association, known as the "Little Board."
- The red "NO" sign on the mail room door tells you that today's mail has not yet been delivered—not that you are prohibited from depositing your outgoing mail in the slot in the door.

Tom Frothingham

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## From the Bookshelf



### *World Without End* by Ken Follett

Now that we've settled into the winter doldrums, you may find yourself looking for a good story to carry you through the long days ahead. If you are not deterred by 1000 pages, then do consider reading *World Without End* by Ken Follett. In 1989 Follett wrote an epic novel, *The Pillars of the Earth*, and transported us back to the twelfth century and the building of a Gothic Cathedral in the little town of Kingsbridge, England.

Now, two centuries later, we are back in Kingsbridge meeting the descendants of those good people whose lives were forever changed by the building of the cathedral.

*World Without End* is a well-told story that provides wonderful entertainment for fans of Follett as well as new readers. It may be considered a sequel to *Pillars of the Earth*, but it certainly may be enjoyed without having read its predecessor. The plot drives the story, and what a plot it is! There is intrigue, excitement, sudden reversals of fortune, daring, and a love story that simmers, blooms, erupts and continues through all 91 chapters.

The story begins with four children who witness a murder. The children are Merthin, the son of a knight; Caris, the bright and outspoken daughter of a prosperous wool merchant; Ralph, Merthin's evil brother; and Gwenda, daughter of a thief. Follett traces these four through the next 35 years of their lives as they grow up to become, respectively, a renowned builder; a healer and prioress of a convent; a corrupt and powerful lord; and a shrewd and determined serf.

Follett cleverly weaves historical events and fiction into a tale that uses contemporary dialogue to tell us what local life was like in the 14<sup>th</sup> century. We are introduced to the conservatism of the hierarchy or squirearchy of the church and their overbearing maleness, and we follow our characters through the Black Plague and the treatment of disease which involves as much superstition as science.

We must not forget the cathedral, which is the glue that holds the story together. Since Follett is a cathedral buff, there is a very real obsession with the rebuilding of the 200-year-old structure. Never fear, we are not subjected to architectural technicalities, but we are pulled into the suspense of Merthin's rebuilding project.

The pace is never slow, the book is really a page-turner, and once you start (assuming you can pick the novel up) you will not want to stop. It's the kind of book with which you find yourself slowing down as you come close to the end because you really don't want to let it go.

Peggy Quinn

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## An Inauguration Memory

In January of 1949, my Social Studies IV class at the Peddie School went to Washington to see the inauguration of Harry Truman as President. The excitement over the Christmas break led me to approach the two weekly newspapers in my small hometown in northern New Jersey. I asked each to issue me a press card, in return for which I would file a story covering that week in Washington. The one-man paper turned me down, but the newer but larger one at least gave me a letter that said I was covering the inauguration for them.

I packed my portable Olivetti along with paper and carbon paper (you remember those, don't you?), and off I went.

Our class arrived a couple of days before the big day, and we were, as well as I can remember, left to our own devices. This cannot be true, of course. We were seventeen-year-old boys from a prep school. No school masters in those days would leave us on the loose. But I only remember that a good number of my classmates simply spent their time testing the laxity of the ABC laws in the District of Columbia. I remember vividly that the fullback on our football team, in ignorance of what cocktails were, simply ordered drinks from the top of the cocktail menu starting with the "As" and worked his way down the list until he was sick. He was considered a hero. He may have gotten as far as "Daiquiri" . . . certainly not as far as "Manhattan".

I set off for the Senate Office Building, where newly elected senators were busy establishing their offices. The corridors were pretty empty as I trudged my way through the building. One door was ajar and the office was lighted up. In those days I think that it was all simpler. A porter to lug boxes and an experienced Washington secretary to explain the ropes. No staff filling his office. Just boxes and that secretary.

I marched in, careful to note the name on the door. "Hubert Humphrey, U. S. Senator, Minnesota," a Democrat. I was a kid from a staunchly Republican

family that lived in a staunchly Republican town of about 2000 voters in New Jersey. I presented my letter to the secretary and asked for an interview.

To my amazement, I got it. I guess Mr. (oops! Senator) Humphrey was feeling lonely in this town, new for him as well as for me. He spent probably ten minutes with me. The only topic that I know I raised was the specter of post-war inflation. I'd like to forget that I told him that, although my newspaper was in a town that was overwhelmingly Republican, the Democrats were growing in number. It was a lie for all I knew, but I thought I ought to offer him some reward for letting me meet him.

I remember very well that he was warmly kind to a seventeen-year-old kid reporter. I've never forgotten that kindness of his to me.

And I've never forgiven myself for ignoring that memory and voting against him when he ran for President.

Bruce Rubidge



## Hot Ribs and Bungs

It was my first real job. I was fifteen. WWII raged, and Palmer Scott's Boat Yard was transformed from caretaking the yachts of New Bedford's rich to building wooden, forty-foot, diesel powered open boats called "lighters" for the army. My colleagues in the very yuppie summer community of Nonquitt, none of whom had ever had a job, were aghast. To my surprise, my parents approved of my living in the city, near the yard, in an apartment with two of my classmates who were joining me in this adventure.

In Nonquitt I was "Eliot." But for an unskilled job on the economically depressed, gritty New Bedford waterfront, I sensed that "Tom" would be more appropriate.

I was assigned to a "planking crew" that, except for me, comprised some reasonably skilled wood workers and carpenters. The process began when we received a freshly constructed oak keel. A frame was lowered onto the keel; oak ribs were next inserted into the keel, then bent upward and clamped to the frame. Then planks were fixed to the ribs. The frame was removed, and the newly created hull was moved on to be painted, receive a motor, and be launched. This took less than a week.

My job had four sequential tasks: "running" the ribs, helping to fasten planks to the ribs, drilling out

knots, and "bunging" the holes. Running, drilling and bunging were my exclusive domain.

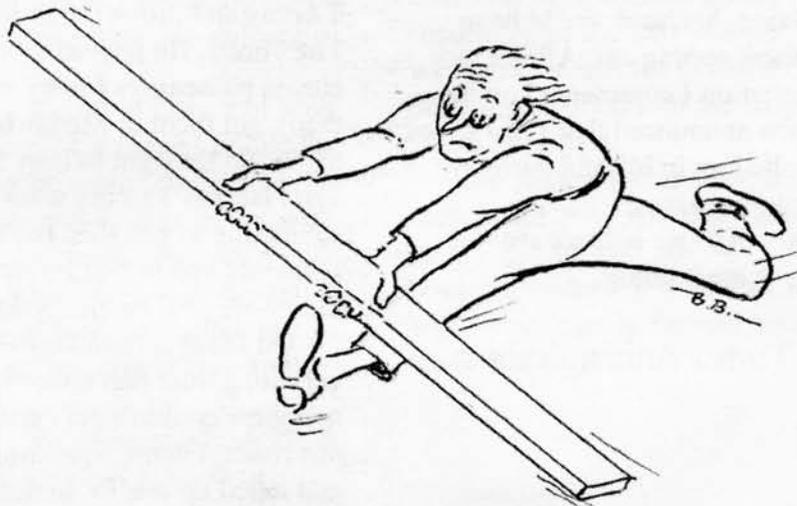
The oak ribs were approximately ten feet long and two to three inches square. They were soaked for several days in a large tub of cow urea solution which apparently made the rib more bendable. The day's supply was transferred to a steam box and cooked. The critical part of the job was for me to extract a hot, urea-soaked rib from the steam box and run it to the planking site where one end was pushed into a hole in the keel, and the other end seized with a loop of rope, bent up and clamped to the frame where it would fix in its curved shape as it cooled and dried. Critical to this procedure were that the rib arrive hot and that it be pulled gently into its curved

position. It was generally considered to be my fault if the rib snapped while being pulled into position. Adding adventure and psycho-social twists to the moment were the less than thoughtful location of the planking site far across the shop from the steam box, and my current relationship with the puller on the top of the frame. Thus a rib might snap because

I allegedly failed to run fast enough to deliver it hot; and/or if I was at odds with the puller, he might subtly jerk the pull and cause the rib to break. That the piece of oak might have a flaw was never considered.

When the planks were clamped in place on the

*(Continued on page 8)*



## Hot Ribs and Bungs continued

*(Continued from page 7)*

ribs, they were fastened with fine brass screws, later changed to galvanized nails as brass became scarce. While this was proceeding, my job was to find knots. Because knots would sometimes come loose and fall out, leaving a large hole in the pine plank, it was necessary to drill them out and plug (bung) the hole with a solid wooden peg, which was then cut off flush with the outside of the plank. On at least one occasion a boat was moved on to be painted, engine installed and launched, only to promptly sink because while the knots had been drilled out, the holes had yet to be bunged. On these occasions I made myself very scarce.

The crew leader was excessively nasty to me until one day I saw him unclamping a plank that curved toward the bow and that had not yet been fastened. Had he removed the clamp, his head would have been taken off as the plank sprung out. After a moment of malevolent hesitation I commented on the possibility. He thereupon announced that I had saved his life. The summer rolled on in blissful harmony wherein I could do no wrong.

I often wonder if any of those lighters are still afloat and if all the bungs are holding.

Tom Frothingham

## Wandering in The Forest



On the night of the Durham Symphony performance **Glenn Arrington** got home from work at seven o'clock, as did his wife **Tammy**. They were planning to heat up the leftovers from their favorite restaurant and have a pleasant dinner. Glenn put in a call to **Hattie Wilson** at the front desk to see if all was well with the bus. It wasn't; **Preston Daniels** was sick, there was no driver, and the foyer was full of residents ready to go. So Glenn hustled into his car with Tammy and drove the thirty miles from Graham to The Forest. He arrived at 8:01 exactly, loaded up the eleven passengers (many had gone back home by then), got them to Memorial Hall in Chapel Hill by 8:15, "So they got to hear an hour of the concert," he says. He and Tammy went to a Subway and had something to eat, then back for pickup. They finally got home and to bed by 1am. The bus riders said they were glad to meet Glenn's lovely wife.

On Inauguration Day we had our first snow in a very long time that covered the ground. Many staff members couldn't get here, but in spite of treacherous roads, Glenn, once more to the rescue, got here and tuned up the TV in the auditorium so residents could watch the momentous occasion together. **Michael Ahern and Company** served food in the café from eleven until four. Two days later **Marguerite Ward** told me to go look at the fountain in Addie's Garden. There was a beautiful fringe of icicles hanging all around the edge. I'm glad I didn't miss it altogether.

Editor

## Odds and Ends

Now that it is February, let us hope those wintry days have ended. Anyway, we have more light for whatever early morning activity we prefer.

Please match the interest or accomplishment with the resident or staff member.

Answers below:

1. Attended operas around the world
2. Missionary in Iran
3. Plays trombone in both swing and classic OLLI bands
4. Ornithologist
5. Diving Champion
6. Helped found the Lemur Center
7. Sings in Church choir
8. Hiked to highest point in each state

- a. **Bruce Pennybacker**
- b. **Nancy Sokol**
- c. **Glenn Arrington**
- d. **Frank Sargent**
- e. **Betty & John Gray**
- f. **Harold Dunlap**
- g. **Oliver Ferguson**
- h. **Becky Binney**

Recent travelers included **Mary Ann Ruegg**, **Carol Oettinger**, **Jean Mason**, **Rosalind Alexander**, **Janet McKay**, and **Paul and Ginny Bryan**, who celebrated New Year's Eve at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC. (Note: Nothing shabby about New Year's Eve at the Forest: great band, fun decorations, and wonderful food!)

**Joel Colton** spent the holidays in New York, visiting his son. **Helen Monson** took a bridge cruise in January. **Shirley Buckley** was on a cruise to New Zealand and Australia late last year.

## Mary Gates

Answers: 1.e. 2.f. 3.a. 4.g. 5.h. 6.b. 7.c. 8.d.

## Who Are They?



Serving on USS *Leedstown*



Student at University  
of Florida

## When Duke Was the Playground of the South

After my graduation from high school in 1937 my mother wanted me to attend Connecticut College for Women, her alma mater. She had been a member of its first graduating class, and I would be the first daughter of a first daughter to graduate. However, my parents could not afford that school for my Freshman year, so I went to Duke as a day student, with no tuition because my father was on Duke's faculty. Money was saved, good grades were made, and I went the next year to CC, on a scholarship.

However, all Mama and I knew about CC was her reminiscences about her time there. We had not visited it nor talked to students or faculty to see what it was like 20 years later. She remembered the small and intimate group which was invited to the President's house to hear him read *A Christmas Carol* when there was only one class, and it had not seemed much larger to her when she graduated in 1919.

How it had changed! Larger, of course, and with a student body of girls' prep-school-educated young women, predominantly from New England, who traveled on weekends in silk stocking and fur coats with matched luggage to men's schools for football games and fraternity parties.

I was the only girl from below the Mason-Dixon line and had been educated in co-educational public schools. I knew no men attending northern colleges. Although Duke was then thought of as the Playground of the South, I had never been a "party girl." I was one of eight transfer students housed together on the fourth floor of a Junior dormitory. All meals were taken in the dorms, so I had little opportunity to

met other Sophomores outside of classes. On campus no one spoke in passing, seeming to become invisible as the chilly days of winter wore on. I was desperately homesick.

One girl did become a good friend, and I visited with her in her home on Long Island. At spring break she came home with me in return. Duke was in session then, and the campus was quite lovely with flowering trees and shrubs. Students, as always, were friendly and outgoing. Former classmates greeted me warmly and were glad to meet Joan. Everyone spoke or waved in passing. The contrast with CC was glaring. I began making preparations to transfer back in the fall. Joan was enchanted with Duke and the South.

After our return to CC, I visited with Joan again in her home. She had serious business with her father, and we went to speak to him in his office in The City.

"Dad, you know I had a wonderful time in Durham with Carol. Everyone was so friendly and I liked Duke a lot. Carol is going back there next fall, and I want to transfer there too."

"No, Joan, you may not," he said forcefully.

"But, Dad ..."

"Joan, I want you to have graduated from an institution that is recognized by New York employers. No," he repeated with finality.

I hope her father lived long enough to see just how great the recognition by New York employers became for graduates of the Playground of the South.

Carol Scott

## Nuages

Water is quantum mechanically,  
a field of its own,  
but most of the great theoreticians say  
“nobody **really** understands quantum mechanics.”

So, nobody **really** understands water  
or any other molecule for that matter.  
Do you understand what *understanding* means?

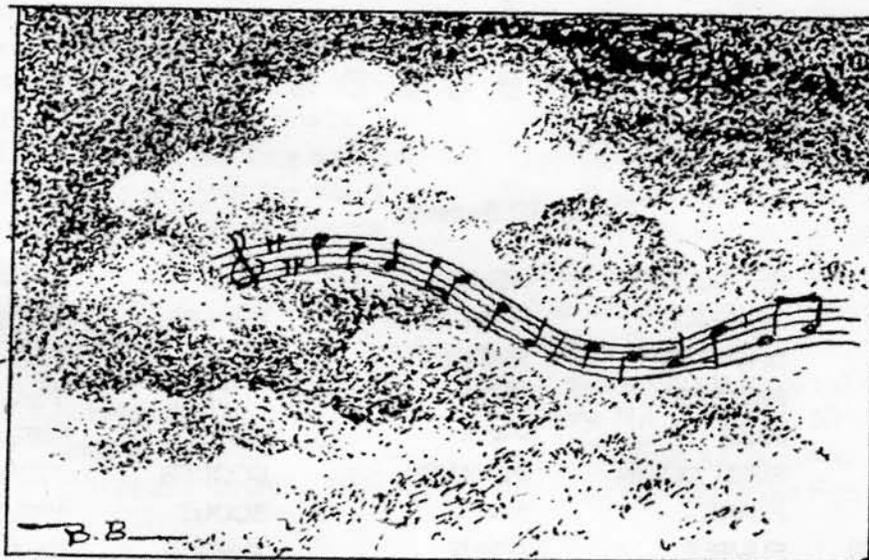
Put a few billion water molecules together  
to make a drop, sparkling like a diamond  
on the tip of a leaf,  
or hanging alone in the air in a fog,  
and you're getting there.

Put a few trillion drops together to make a cloud,  
and then a skyful of clouds,  
and you've **really** got something:  
fair-weather cumulus; herds of high, lonely drifters

wandering like buffalo over the high plains  
or, like a fleet of treasure galleons  
driving under full sail from the Spanish Main;  
stratocumulus; menacing grey cruisers,  
in close formation racing to a battle  
(or more likely a blizzard) somewhere over the  
horizon.

Shelley and Constable did their art's best  
to capture clouds with verse or paint but  
Debussy is the one who really got it right.  
As *La Mer* captures the moods of the sea,  
*Nuages* evokes to the inward eye  
the evanescent, ever-changing world of clouds,  
truly, one kind of real *understanding*.

Ned Arnett



*Bob Blake's*  
**Puzzle**

Each word below can be found by reading either up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

Y T E F A S F C K Q N V X T F I H S  
 P I V O T S O R P I T J C H N F C B  
 H M Y T L A N E P E F U R W K I S Q  
 H E L K C A T S E L H Y O X I S O D  
 C O L H J H F R A B R D S C A N N P  
 T U J M U K E N T R T K S P S A L D  
 A T K D E F K E A S G M O U B X I L  
 C M D C E T A C R O J K V P F Z V E  
 I L A R I M F I A L S S E L U R E I  
 E Y E S D K F L L B E P R I J K D F  
 Q E T A C L P A E G R A H C L E E K  
 U S E I T O B O J E O E D K F E U C  
 G U S V S S T W R N C M T E J L L A  
 A M R T D R I T A D S K N R R B B B  
 Z G U A R D A P L R J C Z Q A M K J  
 G F S C A O J V L U E O K W V U X Y  
 I V H K Y F P Q Y N Y L M U F F Q K  
 Z E T U T I T S B U S B S I G N A L

**Football Season**

- |             |            |             |         |            |
|-------------|------------|-------------|---------|------------|
| BALL        | CROSSOVER  | HELMET      | RALLY   | SPORTS     |
| BACKFIELD   | DEFENCE    | HUDDLE      | REFEREE | SUBSTITUTE |
| BLOCK       | DROPKICK   | MASCOT      | RULES   | TACKLE     |
| BLUE DEVIL  | END RUN    | MUFF        | RUSH    | TEAM       |
| CARRY       | FAKE       | PASS        | SAFETY  | TIES       |
| CATCH       | FIRST DOWN | PENALTY     | SCORES  | TIMEOUT    |
| CHARGE      | FLANK      | PIVOT       | SCOUT   | VARSITY    |
| CHEERLEADER | FUMBLE     | POINT       | SHIFT   | WIN        |
| CLEATS      | GOAL POST  | PROS        | SIGNAL  | YARD       |
| COACH       | GUARD      | QUARTERBACK | SPIN    | ZIGZAG     |